

The Mirror

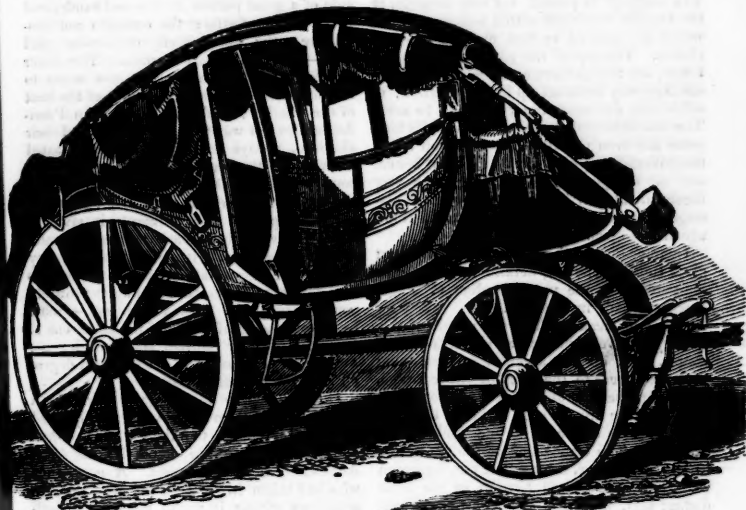
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 731.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, in his *Travels in North America*, about seven years since, etched the original of the above Engraving, as a specimen of the vehicles in which our transatlantic brethren "get along." It must be considered a sorry sample of coach-building, and rather resembles a Swiss than a British carriage. Indeed, we have seen scores of such vehicles in the yards of inns on the Continent: strength and stability it may possess; but, for elegance it must yield to our hackney-coach. We conclude from different travellers that it may be received as a fair average of American stage-coach building; though, it may be mentioned that Philadelphia surpasses all other places in America in the manufacture of coaches; and holds the same pre-eminence as London does in England, or, we may say, in the world; for British carriages are not elsewhere equalled. The Continental nobility prefer them; and the English-built stage-coach is no longer confined to British roads.* This superiority

is easily explained; the manufacture of elegant coaches being a proof of high mechanical skill, from the number of clever artisans employed in the construction and outfit.

Captain Hall tells us that the above coach is constructed of the strongest materials; the springs being of hide. It has only one door, and carries nine passengers inside, on three seats, the centre one being a movable bench, with a broad leather band, or back support.

In Mr. Stuart's *Travels*, in 1828, we find a more minute description of the American stage-coach, at the same time corroborative of Captain Hall's outline. Mr. Stuart describes the Albany and Auburn stage, (in the state of New York,) as a huge coach of elliptical shape, hung low on leathern belts, and drawn by four horses. The coach is somewhat wider than a six-seated English stage-coach, and is much longer, so that there is sufficient space for a seat in the middle, and accommodation for nine inside passen-

Burmese Rath, or State Carriage, exhibited in London, in 1835, (and engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. vi. p. 385.) was considered to denote considerable excellence in Burmese coach-building; but, lately, we believe, the coach itself has been ascertained to be of English construction and exported to Burmah.

* The carriages, and of horses, coachmen, and grooms of Louis Philippe, are, or were, a few years since, English; and their fine, spick-and-span turnout in the courtyard of the Palais Royal was long the admiration of the Parisians.—By the way, the

gers. The door is placed as in English coaches (though there is but one door): the driver's seat is so low, that his head is pretty much on a level with the top of the coach. There is only room for one outside passenger, who sits on the same seat with the driver. The baggage is placed, not very securely, at the back of the coach, within leathern aprons, which are buckled or tied up with ropes or chains. The top of the coach is fixed on a frame, but the leathern curtains all round the carriage may be rolled up in fine weather, to afford air, and allow the country to be seen. The old-fashioned American stages, of which some are even yet in use, contain four seats, the driver having his place on the front bench, and all the passengers entering in a very inconvenient way by the fore-part of the carriage, and sitting with their faces to the front, which was open.

Of travelling in these vehicles, Mr. Stuart gives some interesting details, which may be compared with the usual conduct of stage-coach company in England.

"Having been told that the people of this country are very subject to sickness in the stages, and, on that account, anxious to sit with their faces to the front of the carriage, we took possession of the front, or foremost, nearest to the driver's seat, as being the least popular, with our faces to the back of the carriage. The Chancellor of the State was the first passenger, after we set out, for whom we called. He placed himself in the most distant seat, but gave it up to a family, consisting of two ladies and children, whom we picked up at Cruttenden's, in the upper part of the town, which is the chief hotel at Albany. The ladies were from Providence in Rhode Island, and on an excursion of pleasure to Niagara. There is no such thing as post-chaise travelling in any part of the United States. Journeys are usually performed either in the four-horse stages, or in steam-boats; but on most of the roads of very great resort, extra stages may be obtained, which may be regulated, as the passengers incline, as to the time they are to be on the road. In general, however, the travelling of this country by land is performed in the regular stages, it being the ordinary custom of the country for all descriptions of persons to travel by the same conveyance, and, while travelling to eat together. The present President of the United States, Mr. Adams, whose private residence is near Boston, travels to Washington, the seat of the government, by steam-boat, and the regular stage.

People going short journeys, of course, make use of their own carriages. The close carriage of Britain is rarely seen, but barouches and gigs are common; and small wagons, and dearborns, which are a light, four-wheeled carriage, on springs of wood,

with a movable seat, frequently covered on the top, are in general use.

"The road on which we were driven to Schenectady was in many parts rough, and not well engineered, but wide; and there were rows of large Lombardy poplars on each side of a great part of it: the soil sandy, and by no means fertile; the orchards not productive: the wood chiefly oak, cedar, and pine,—the greater part of pine. The driver stopped twice on the way to give water to his horses, on account, I presume, of the heat of the weather; and the ladies from Providence also got water for themselves and their children, always asking, before they tasted it, whether the water was good? The persons waiting at the doors of the hotels on the road,—for every the most trifling inn, or house of public entertainment, is styled a hotel,—very civilly handed tumblers of water to the passengers, without payment of any kind. The conversation of the passengers was far more unrestrained than it probably would have been with foreigners,—more especially the chief judge of the state, one of the party,—in an English stage-coach; nor did the judge presume in the slightest degree on his high official situation."

On his journey to Niagara, Mr. Stuart notes:—"We found the stage partly filled before we prepared to take our seats,—half an hour before sunrise,—and did not reach Auburn until nearly sunset. A gentleman who had taken his seat in the back row, insisted on giving it up to my wife, so decidedly, as being her right, that she had no alternative, although it was a matter of indifference to her on which row she sat. In the same row with that gentleman was a poor woman, the widow of a labourer on one of the lakes, with a child, to whom the gentlemen, two of whom were persons of no small consideration in point of fortune, showed the same attention and wish to be of use, as they could have done to any other female, whatever might be her rank in society."

In justice, we observe that Mr. Stuart reports the hacks or hackney-coaches of New York to be light, some of them not above 1,100 pounds weight, the roof being supported upon a metal frame. Curtains are let down in a moment in case of rain, or for protection from the sun. The horses are generally active and good. Mrs. Butler likewise testifies to this superiority of the New York to the London hackney-coaches: the filthy vehicles and jaded horses, such as you see on our coach-stands, would disgrace America; and London cabriolets are in every respect inferior to those of Paris, whence we borrowed the idea. Again, the horses are better treated in New York than in our metropolis, where men cannot even be kept humane by act of parliament.

ANTIQUE TOWER IN CHESHIRE.*

IN the village of Brimstage, about three miles from Upper Traumere,† on the field road to Porgate, there is an ancient tower, adjoining and apparently forming a part of a farm-house; it is ascended by a round, stone staircase of fifty-two steps.

The occupier of the farm-house states, that the agent of the Earl of Shrewsbury, (who owns it,) has discovered that it was standing five hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been erected as a watch-tower, to overlook the Welsh mountains. As this ancient building may be passed without observation, it may be as well mentioned, that it stands directly opposite the public house, known by the sign of "the Red Cat."—We have been induced to insert the above, in the hope that it may meet the eye of an antiquary, who may be able to favour us with some particulars relative to this time-honoured edifice.

* From the Liverpool Albion.

† Traumere is one of the ferries, opposite Liverpool, on the Cheshire side of the river Mersey.

The Public Journals.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

FELIX HOPPY, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies at Little Peddlington, has conferred upon the world in general, and upon me in particular, a never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated favour, by the publication of the Little Peddlington Guide. At the approach of the summer-season,—that season when London, (and since the pacification of Europe, all England,) is declared to be unendurable by all those who fancy they shall be happier any where than where they happen to be, and who possess the means and the opportunity of indulging in the experiment of change of place; at the approach of that season, this present, I found myself, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." The self-proposed question. "And where shall I go *this* year?" I could not answer in any way to my satisfaction.

As for the hundredth time I exclaimed, "And where shall I go *this* year?" a packet was sent me by my bookseller, who has a general order to supply me with all voyages, travels, journeys, tours, road-books, guides, and atlases, as soon as published. The parcel contained new editions of "Denham's Travels in Africa," of "Humboldt's in South America," and of "Parry's Voyages;" together with, just published, and wet from the press, "The Stranger's Guide through Little Peddlington, by Felix Hoppy, Esq., M.C." Throwing aside the rest as unimportant to my present purpose, I, on the instant, perused this last. No longer was I doubtful concerning my "whereabout." Little Peddlington, thought I, must be a Paradise! So I resolved

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to book a place for that same evening in the Little Peddlington mail.

Not a little was my astonishment on learning that there was *no* mail to that celebrated place; but great indeed was it when I was informed that there was no public conveyance whatever *direct* thither! However, I found that the Winklemouth coach, (which ran nearer to it than any other,) would set me down at Poppleton-End; that there I should be *pretty* sure of meeting with some one who would carry my luggage to Squashmire-gate, a short three miles; and that from thence to Little Peddlington, a distance of eight miles, there or thereabouts, a coach ran regularly three times a week during the season. Too happy to get there in any manner, I took a place in the Winklemouth coach, and, shortly afterwards, was rattling on towards the goal of my desires.

Between four and five in the morning, the coach pulled up at the corner of a narrow cart-road, of no very inviting appearance, the soil being of clay, and the holes and wheel-tracks filled with water by the late heavy rains. A slight, drizzling rain was falling then. The country for miles round was a dead flat, and not a house or shelter of any kind, save here and there a tree, was to be seen.

"Poppleton-End, sir," said the guard, as he let down the step.

"What! is *this* Poppleton-End?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied he, (adding with a leer which clearly indicated that he was satisfied with the excellence of his joke,) "and has been, time out of mind."

"But I have a heavy valise with me," said I, as I alighted.

"Yes, sir," replied the guard, taking it down from the top of the coach, and placing it against the boundary-stone at the corner of the lane; "it is precious heavy indeed."

"Well—I was informed that I should find somebody here who would carry it to Squashmire-gate; but there is no person within sight, and I can't carry it myself."

"Why, no, sir, I don't very well see how you can; at least," continued he, in the same facetious tone, "it wouldn't be altogether pleasant. Hows'ever, sir, you have a very good chance of Blind Bob coming up with his truck in about half an hour—or so."

"And pray, guard," inquired I, rather peevishly, "where am I to wait during that half-hour or so?"

"Why, sir, if you should chance to miss Blind Bob, you might, perhaps, find it a *leetle* awkward with that large trunk of yours; so if you'll take my advice, sir, you'll wait where you are. Good morning, sir. I don't think it will be much of a rain, sir. All right, Bill, get on." So saying, he mounted the coach, and left me seated beneath my umbrella on the boundary-stone at Poppleton.

End, at half-past four of the morning, in a drizzling rain.

At five, at half-past five, at six o'clock, there I still sat, and not a human creature had come near me. The abominable rain, too! Rain! it was unworthy the name of rain. A good, honest, manly shower, which would have made one wet through and through in five seconds I could have borne without complaint; but to be made to suffer the intolerable sensation of dampness merely, by a snivelling, drivelling, mizzling, drizzling, sputter, and that too, by dint of the exercise of its petty spite for a full hour and a half!

At length I perceived, at some distance down the lane, a man dragging along a truck, at what seemed to me a tolerably brisk pace, considering the state of the road. He drew it by means of a strap passing over his shoulders and across his chest: and he carried in his hand a stout staff, which he occasionally struck upon the ground, though, apparently, not for support. He was rather above the middle height, broad, square, and muscular,—a cart-horse of a fellow. On arriving within two steps of my resting-place, he stopped, and with a voice of ten-boatswain power, shouted—

"Any one here for Squash're-gate?"

"Yes," said I, almost stunned by the report, "don't you see? I am here?"

"I wish I could," said he; "but as I have lived Blind Bob all my life, Blind Bob I shall die."

"Blind!" I exclaimed; "under the circumstances you have chosen a strange occupation."

"We can't choose what we like in this world, sir: if I warn't blind, I'd never ha' chose to get my living by being a guide, that I promise you."

On my informing him that I had a portmanteau with me, and indicating the spot where it stood, he moved towards it, and lifting it up, he tossed it, heavy as it was, over his shoulder into the truck, and instantly set forward towards Squashmire-gate.

The "short three miles," turning out, as matter of course, to be "a long five," and the whole of the road for that agreeable distance being ankle-deep in mud, it was nearly nine o'clock when we came to the end of this portion of the journey.

Squashmire-gate cannot, with strict regard to truth, be termed a pretty place; but as it puts forth no claim to that character, and as it is, moreover, the last stage of the road to Little Pedlington, it would be ungrateful as well as unjust to criticize it severely. It consists merely of a small public-house, of the most modest pretensions, situate on one side of a crooked road, slushy and miry; a small farriery on the other; a barn, a pig-sty, and a horse-trough. And such is Squashmire-gate, where I was doomed to exist, asbest I

could, till the arrival of the coach—a term of three mortal hours!

Well! breakfast would beguile half an hour; so I ordered breakfast, which I took to the accompaniment of "a concord of sweet sounds:" the squeaking of a child cutting its teeth, the croaking of a raven in a wicker cage, the creaking of the signboard on its rusty hinges, the occasional braying of a donkey, and the ceaseless yelping of a cur confined in a cupboard.

Breakfast ended, and only half-past nine! What was to be done next? Are there any books in the house? No, not one. A newspaper? No. Then bring me pen, ink, and paper. They were "quite out of paper, the cat had just broken the ink-bottle, and somehow they had mislaid the pen:—a circumstance the importance of which was considerably diminished by the two previous accidents.

I turned for amusement to the window-panes. There was not a line, nor a word, nor a letter, nor a scratch to be seen. The vulgar scribble upon the glass, by which one is usually offended at country inns, would to me, in my then desolate condition, have been delight ineffable. To have been informed that *J. P. and C. S. dined hear on the 15th off June*; or that *Ephraim Trist lons Jane Higs*; or that *Susen Miles is a beautifull cretear*; or even such tender exclamations as *O? Mariar? or O Poly!*—this, the smallest information, would not only have been thankfully received, but it would have become to me matter of profound interest. But, not a line, not a letter!

At length, after the lapse of considerable time, it came to be ten o'clock.

"And pray, my good woman," inquired I of the hostess, "is there no chance of the Little Pedlington coach coming through earlier than twelve to-day?"

"Not earlier, sir; indeed I shouldn't wonder if it's *arter* instead of *afore*, seeing the state of the roads?"

"What!" shouted Blind Bob, who was in the kitchen, and overheard our short colloquy. "What! *afore*! and with them 'ere roads! The Lippleton 'Wonder' won't be here afore three to-day. *Blesh* you, it *can't*."

"Three!" I exclaimed. "It is impossible to remain here till three o'clock; I shall die of impatience or *ennui*. Can I have a chaise, or a gig?"

"No, sir," replied the woman; we have nothing of *that* sort. To be sure, we have a one-horse kind of a cart"—here was a prospect of escape—"but our horse died Friday week, and my good man hasn't yet been able to suit himself with another."

"Then," said I, "as the rain has ceased, I'll leave my portmanteau to be sent on by the 'Wonder,' and will walk the eight miles to Little Pedlington."

"What!" again shouted my evil genius, for as such I now began to consider him; "eight mile? It's thirteen good mile any day of the year; and as you must go round by Lob's Farm, 'cause of the waters being out at Slush-lane, it's a pretty tightish seventeen just now."

I surrendered at discretion to the irresistible attack upon my patience, and striking the table with a force which caused the astonished tea-pot to leap an inch high—

"And must I," I exclaimed, "*must* I remain in this infernal place, for the whole of this miserable day?"

The poor woman, evidently hurt at the opprobrious term which I had cast upon her *village*, (for such, I suppose, she considered Squashmire-gate to be,) slowly shook her head, and with a look of mild rebuke, and in a corresponding tone.—"Sir," she said, "all the world can't be Lippleton; if it *was*, it would be much too fine a place, and too good for us poor sinners to live in."

Although this was adding fuel to the fire of my impatience, I was at once overcome by the gentleness of the woman's manner; and unwilling that she should consider me as an incarnation of slander and detraction, I "explained," somewhat after the Parliamentary fashion; assuring her, that by the phrase, "infernal place," I meant nothing more than that it was the sweetest spot on earth, but that I was anxious to proceed on my journey. And now, having satisfied her that I meant no offence to Squashmire-gate, "Consider," said I, "consider that I have yet five hours to remain here: you cannot furnish me either with books, or paper, or with any earthly thing which would serve to lighten the time;" adding, in the most imploring tone I could assume, "tell me, tell me what *can* I do to amuse myself?"

The landlady looked at me as if she felt my appeal in its fullest force; then fondly casting her eyes on the sick, squalling child, which she carried on her arm; then again looking at me, she said—"I'm sure I hardly know, sir, *what* you can do; but if you would like to nurse baby for two or three hours you are heartily welcome, indeed you are, sir."

Nothing, perhaps, could more strikingly illustrate the forlorn and helpless condition to which I was reduced, than that it should have instigated one human being to venture such a proposal to another. Inviting as was the offer, I declined it, taking due credit to myself for so exemplary a display of self-denial.

The weather cleared, and the impartial sun shed a portion of its brightness even upon the ugliness of Squashmire-gate. The landlady seized the auspicious moment to vindicate the reputation of the place, and leading me to the door, exclaimed in a tone

of triumph, "*Now*, look, sir! It stands to reason, you know, that no place can look pretty in bad weather."

Yet could I not exult in my position. Perhaps the first impression may have produced an unfavourable prejudice on my mind; yet a barn, a horse-trough, a pig-sty, and a smithy, with here and there a stunted tree, were not materials out of which to extract beauty, or capable of exciting pleasurable emotions. No; in these my cooler moments of reflection, I still maintain that Squashmire-gate is *not* a pretty place.

I walked, or rather waded, outside the house. I peeped into the pig-sty, looked into the barn, examined the smithy, and counted the ducks in the pond. Next, to vary my amusement, I began with the barn, then proceeded to inspect the pig-sty, then on to the duck-pond, and so forth. But by the greatest possible exercise of my ingenuity, I could not force the time on beyond half-past eleven, "and here I must needs remain till three!" thought I.

Upon occasions like the present, when one happens to be coach-bound, or otherwise detained in a country-place, the churchyard is an infallible resource, and an epitaph-hunt will generally repay the labour of the chase.

I inquired whereabouts was the church.

"Just over at Hogsorton, sir."

"And what's the distance to Hogsorton, ma'am?"

"We call it five mile; but it may be five mile and a half."

"Hogsorton five and a half!" shouted Bob; it's seven mile or so any day."

The "or so" was sufficient; so I decided against a pilgrimage to Hogsorton.

"Order dinner," said a generally-too-late friend with whom I had agreed to dine at a tavern one day; "Order dinner at six for half-past, and I will positively be with you at seven." The Little Pedlington "Wonder" being expected up at three, it consequently arrived at half-past four. And "Oh! what damned minutes told I o'er" in that long interval!

The Little Pedlington "Wonder" was a heavy, lumbering coach, licensed to carry six inside and fourteen out; was drawn by two skinny horses, and driven by a coachman built after the exact fashion of the coach he drove, *id est*, lumbering and heavy.

"Full out, room for one in," was the coachman's reply to my question whether I could have a place. I expressed my disappointment at not having an outside place, as I should thus be deprived of obtaining the first possible view of Little Pedlington; nor was my disappointment diminished by Coachee's remark that that was, *indeed*, a sight!

"And how long will it be before you start, coachman?"

"About a quarter of an hour, sir," was the reply.

"What!" bellowed forth my everlasting friend, Bob; "a quarter of an hour! You'll not get away from here afore six, Master Giles, and you know you won't."

Mr. Giles was part proprietor of the "Wonder," (the only coach on that road,) which he drove up one day and down another; so, there being no opposition, he carried matters with a high hand, deferring to the wishes or the convenience of one only person that ever travelled by the "Wonder," which one was himself.

"Six!" said Giles, taking up the word of blind Bob; "why, to be sure, mustn't I have a bit of summut to eat? and mustn't I rest a bit? and mustn't my cattle rest a bit? How can I get off afore six? My tits are tolerable good ones; but if I didn't give 'em a rest here and there, how'd ever they'd get on to Lippleton, I should like to know?"

Considering the appearance of his "tits," the load they had to drag, and the roads along which they were doomed to drag it, that question was, certainly, a "poser." When I was told of the Little Pedlington "Wonder," my expectations were of a rapidity of progress second in degree only to that of flying; but in the present case, the sole claim which the vehicle could conscientiously make to the title was, that it could be prevailed upon to move at all. It was, therefore, not without trepidation that I ventured to inquire at *about* what time we were *likely* to get into Little Pedlington.

"Why," replied Giles, "we must take the long road this afternoon, on account of the waters; so we shan't get in *much* afore nine."

"And very fair travelling too," said I, happy, at length, at knowing when this day of disagreeables was to terminate: "seventeen miles in three hours is not to be complained of under the circumstances."

"What!" again shouted the inveterate Blind Bob; "nine! you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven-to-night. Why, the "Wonder" never does more nor four mile an hour at the best o' times, and here's the long road to take, and as heavy as putty. Besides, won't you stop three times more to rest the horses? I say you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven; it stands to reason, and you know you won't."

"Why, you stupid old fool!" said Giles, "you say yourself I must stop three times to rest the horses: then how *can* I get in afore eleven? Some folks talk as if they were out of their common senses."

At length, the welcome moment for our departure arrived.

"I think," said Giles, as he clumsily clambered up to his box—"I think we shall have a little more rain yet."

"What!" for the last time cried our Job's comforter; "a little? You'll have rain enough to *drown* you long afore you're half way to Lippleton, and thunder along with it, mind if you don't. I can feel it in my head, and it stands to reason."

I took my place inside the coach; and now, being fairly on my road to that haven of bliss, Little Pedlington, I soon forgot all the past annoyances of the day. Yet was not my position one of absolute comfort. I was jammed in between two corpulent ladies, of whom one was suffering under a violent tooth-ach, and the other from head-ach. Opposite to me was a stout man with a strong Stilton cheese on his knee; another saturated with the fumes of bad cigars with which he had been regaling himself; and the third had with him a packet of red herrings.

We proceeded at what might be the pace of a hearse in a hurry—something short of four miles an hour. At every hovel by the roadside, Mr. Giles pulled up to enjoy his "tithe of talk" with its inhabitants. Remonstrance and entreaty on the part of us, the impatient travellers, were useless. He plainly told us, that, as there was no opposition on the road, he had always had his own way; and that he saw no reason why he should be balked of it now. Then he stopped at one small public-house to eat, and at the next to drink, and at another to rest. A long journey, fairly performed, is not an affair to complain of; but, oh! the torments of a short one prolonged by needless delay! At ten o'clock we had yet six miles of ours to accomplish. The night was dark; suddenly, as the sea-song has it, "The rain a deluge poured," and, (to continue the quotation,) "loud roared the dreadful thunder," when—within about two miles of Little Pedlington—*crash!* the pole broke. Whether or not the horses took fright, I have never had any means of ascertaining: certain it is, they neither became unmanageable, nor did they run away; they were not in a state to do either; so like jaded, sensible horses as they were, they stood stock-still. After considerable delay, and many fruitless attempts to repair the accident, we were compelled to walk through a pelting shower the remainder of the way.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

THE SHIP.

Where art thou going, mighty ship?
Thy sails are on the wind,
And the ocean, with a roaring sweep,
Is racing on behind.

The sea-birds wheel above thy mast,
And the waters fly below,
And the foaming billows, flashing fast,
Are leaping up thy prow.

And 'midst the clouds thy fluttering flag,
Is streaming strong and well.

As if to bid you beacon err,
A last and gay farewell.

Where art thou going? "Far away,

To seek a distant shore—

Gaze ye upon me while ye may,

You will not see me more.

"My flag is dancing in the sky,

My sails are on the breeze,

And the wild bird screams exultingly,

As we bound along the seas.

"A hundred guns are on my deck,

And a thousand men below—

And my wings are spread without a speck,

As white as driven snow.

"Gaze while ye may—ye can but see

My panoply and pride—

Ye can but hear the hissing sea

Dashed gaily from my side.

"Hush! bootless sobs and yearning sighs,

Ye broken hearts be still,

Lest yonder landsman's envious eyes

Dream we have aught of ill—

"Lest he should think of care or woe

Amidst our gallant crew,

Or souls that hear the blithe winds blow,

With cheeks of ashen hue.

"Hurrah! hurrah! our homes we quit,

And those who are therein—

Will they be safe and standing yet,

When we cross the waves again?

"Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious land

Is rising far away—

What grave upon that stranger strand

Shall wrap our unknown clay?

"Hurrah! hurrah! beneath our keel

A thousand fathoms sleep—

And fleets are there—but with hearts of steel

We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

"On—on—the worm is at our heart,

But the shout upon our lip—

And who shall play the craven's part

In our proud and gallant ship?

"And who shall let the groan be heard

Which lips are gnawed to save;

Or the tears be seen, that, without a word,

Are falling on the wave?

"On, on—the sea-birds heed us not—

And the shores are shrinking fast—

And scarce the landsman from his cot

Can see our lessening mast—

"But sighs him as he turns away

To trim his evening hearth,

That aught should be so proud and gay

Without one care of earth."

Blackwood's Magazine.

FAMILY POETRY.—THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,

There's somewhat on my breast!

The livelong day I sigh, father;

At night I cannot rest;

I cannot take my rest, father,

Though I would fain do so;

A weary weight oppresseth me—

This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,

Nor lack of worldly gear;

My lands are broad and fair to see,

My friends are kind and dear;

My kin are leal and true, father,

They mourn to see my grief;

But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand

Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,

'Tis not that she's unkind;

Though busy flatterers swarm around,

I know her constant mind.

'Tis not her coldness, father,

That chills my labouring breast—

It's that confounded cucumber

I've ate and can't digest.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Manners and Customs.

MIDSUMMER EVE IN IRELAND.

THE following account of a curious ceremony, commencing at twelve at night, at Stoodle, near Downpatrick, appeared some time since in the *Hibernian Magazine*:—Its sacred mount is consecrated to St. Patrick, and the plain contains three wells, to which the most extraordinary virtues are attributed. Here and there are heaps of stones, around some of which appear great numbers of people running, with as much speed as possible; around others, crowds of worshippers kneel with bare legs and feet, as an indispensable part of the penance. The men, without coats, with handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats, having gone seven times round each heap, kiss the ground, cross themselves, and proceed to the hill; here they ascend on their bare knees, by a path so steep and rugged, that it would be difficult to walk up: many hold their hands clasped at the back of their necks, and several carry large stones on their heads. Having repeated this ceremony seven times, they go to what is called St. Patrick's chair, which is two great, flat stones fixed upright in the hill; here they cross and bless themselves as they step in between these stones, and while repeating prayers, an old man, seated for the purpose, turns them round on their feet three times, for which he is paid; the devotee then goes to conclude his penance at a pile of stones, named the altar. While this busy scene of superstition is continued by the multitude, the wells and the streams issuing from them are thronged by crowds of halt, maimed, and blind, pressing to wash away their infirmities with water consecrated by their patron saint; and so powerful is the impression of its efficacy on their minds, that many of those who go to be healed, and who are not totally blind, or altogether crippled, believe for a time, that they are, by means of its miraculous virtues, perfectly restored.

W. G. C.

DEATH OMEN.

A SINGULAR tradition is current in the ancient and noble family of Ferrers, which, if not sanctioned by sound philosophy, still claims a kindred with those more memorable events, in connexion with which it has been handed down to our times. The park of Chartley, in Staffordshire, is a wild and romantic spot, and was formerly attached to the Royal Forest of Needwood, and the Honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which

the ancient family of Ferrers were the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrers, after his defeat at Burton-bridge, where he led the rebellious Barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton-bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrers happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition which, to this day, has been current among the common people—that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park, is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family; and, by a noticeable coincidence, a calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter, Mrs. William Jolliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present Nobleman, and his daughter Lady Frances Shirley, have each been preceded by the ominous birth of a calf. In the spring of the present year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe in the park of Chartley, and it has recently been followed by the death of the amiable countess. — *Abridged from the Staffordshire Chronicle.*

RUSSIA.

AN inn generally derives half its comfort from the cleanly appearance of the servants, especially the females; but at St. Petersburg, long-bearded, dirty-looking men perform the duties of women elsewhere, and a delicate lady may fancy the inconvenience and annoyance of having her bed arrayed by a big, lubberly Russian: however, it is easy to be contented, as luxuries may be procured, and if you are not very fastidious about what you eat or drink, you may always find yourself pretty comfortable, with the exception of the first night, when an attack is made upon your person by about a million of insects, which leaves your skin with swelling over swelling, like the outside of an artichoke.

When you reside at an hotel in Russia, you are warned by the propietor never to leave the key of your rooms on the outside, as it will invariably be stolen. So little is common honesty known among the Russians, that there is a proverb which says, "Would you know whether a Muscovite is an honest fellow or not, see whether he has any hair in the palm of his hand." It is by no means uncommon for a Russian tradesman to ask

double the price he intends to take; and, sometimes the reduction is so great, that the buyer doubts if he has got the same article he first bargained for. The fur traders have a method of dying the hair so uncommonly well, that they often take in their own countrymen with the bear-skins. The following anecdote of Peter the Great is a proof that he knew his subjects well. When his minister requested that the Jews might be exiled from Russia, Peter replied, "No, no; leave my long beards alone, the Jews will soon go without an order."

The merchants' club at Moscow closes at two o'clock in the morning; those who disobey this regulation, pay a fine which doubles every half hour.

Ladies of the highest rank in St. Petersburg, smoke their cigars with as much eagerness, and with no more gentility, than an English fishwoman takes her pipe. There are boxes with sand placed in corners of their rooms.

Dogs are not allowed to run loose about the streets at St. Petersburg; all found so are lawful prizes to the police, who sometimes have a regular hunt after them, when a net is spread directly across a street, and the animals drawn into it.

Red is so favourite a colour in Russia, that the word denoting it is synonymous with beautiful.

In Russia, theatrical performers are not received in society; they are not upon terms with literati, nor do they study deeply. One of the causes, (says a distinguished Russian,) of our dramatic weakness is, that hissing is prohibited; the auditory have no other mode of expressing their disapprobation, otherwise than by intense silence, or the *chut*, that is, bestowing applause at improper times; though the *chut* be no very grateful sound, it does not work with adequate effect upon the ears of the actor, nor inspire him with those feelings of salutary awe to which the French stage is probably indebted for its proudest stars. Every thing here is of a different stamp; the parsimony of the stage management discourages authorship, and the only remuneration the dramatist receives is the produce of the second night, from which the expenses are deducted.—W. G. C.

ASHANTEE PALACE.

ABOVE is a specimen of the architecture of Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, on and near the Gold Coast of Guinea. It represents the palace of Ouso Adoom, the king's nephew, and the building assigned as the head-quarters of the British Mission, superintended by Joseph Dupuis, Esq., in the spring of the year 1820.

Mr. Dupuis was lighted by some of the king's torch-bearers to this abode, which the king had allotted for his separate use; while



(Ashantee Palace.)

an adjacent house was appropriated to the joint use of the officers. Mr. Dupuis had scarcely crossed the threshold of the inclosure before a party of slaves, headed by a captain, entered the place, loaded with a present from the king, of wine and honey, coupled with a complimentary inquiry whether we felt fatigued.

This building stood nearly opposite the palace, and consisted of two apartments, thirteen feet long by seven feet in breadth, with a wall and fence, besides a long gallery or corridor, that served as a sleeping place for guards and servants. Without the inclosure, opposite the entrance, was another recess belonging to the building, designed for the dispatch of public business. Rude as the fabric was, it was tolerably commodious, for the roof was well thatched, and the whole was perfectly secure against wind and rain, except when they happened to beat in the direction of the doorways, or from the north-east. Its architectural beauties may be classed with those of our own well-thatched barns. It should be remembered, however, that, under the torrid zone, a barn is better suited to the climate, and, certainly, more adapted to the habits of the people, than a more confined habitation would be.

The above Engraving is copied from a correct external view of the palace, representing that sort of hieroglyphical sculpture, in relief, which is characteristic of the style

of decorating the houses of Ashantee chieftains. The foreground represents the etiquette of forwarding messages to the king. As the flag departs, some Ashantees are saluting it with discharges of musketry.

New Books.

MR. BECKFORD'S EXCURSION TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA.*

The Seventh Day.

THE mystery of last night was explained by the Prior of Batalha, who had also witnessed it. "Do not," said the holy man, "imagine that it proceeds from another world. The being who uttered those dire sounds is still upon the earth, a member of our convent—an exemplary, a most holy man—a scion of one of our greatest families, and a near relative of the Duke of Aveiro, of whose dreadful, agonizing fate you must have heard. He was then in the pride of youth and comeliness, gay as sunshine, volatile as you now appear to be. He had accompanied the devoted duke to a sumptuous ball given by your nation to our high nobility:—at the very moment when splendour, triumph, and merriment were at their highest pitch, the executioners of Pombal's decrees, soldiers and ruffians, pounced down upon their prey; he, too, was of the number arrested—he, too, was thrown into a deep, cold dungeon: his

* Concluded from page 39.

life was spared ; and, in the course of years and events, the slender, lovely youth, now become a wasted, care-worn man, emerged to sorrow and loneliness. The blood of his dearest relatives seemed sprinkled upon every object that met his eyes ; he never passed Belem without fancying he beheld, as in a sort of frightful dream, the scaffold, the wheels on which those he best loved had expired in torture. The current of his young, hot blood was frozen ; he felt benumbed and paralyzed ; the world, the court, had no charms for him ; there was for him no longer warmth in the sun, or smiles on the human countenance : a stranger to love or fear, or any interest on this side the grave, he gave up his entire soul to prayer ; and, to follow that sacred occupation with greater intensity, renounced every prospect of worldly comfort or greatness, and embraced our order. Full eight-and-twenty years has he remained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the Duke of Aveiro's innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pretended conspiracy, and the consequent unjust, tyrannical expulsion of the order of St. Ignatius, that he believes—and the belief of so pure and so devout a man is always venerable—that the horrors now perpetrating in France are the direct consequence of that event, and certain of being brought home to Portugal ; which kingdom he declares is foredoomed to desolation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death. He seldom speaks ; he loathes conversation, he spurns news of any kind, he shrinks from strangers ; he is constant at his duty in the choir—most severe in his fasts, vigils, and devout observances ; he pays me canonical obedience—nothing more : he is a living grave, a walking sepulchre."

The Prior then led Mr. Beckford to a large shady apartment, in which the plash of a neighbouring fountain was distinctly heard. In the centre of this lofty and curiously groined vaulted hall, resting on a smooth Indian mat, an ample table was spread out with viands and fruits, and liquors cooled in snow. Breakfast over, a sacristan announced high mass ; the Prior of Batalha taking Mr. Beckford by the hand, the prelates and their attendants followed in procession through courts and cloisters and porches of a beautiful grey stone : young boys of dusky complexions, in long white tunics and with shaven heads were busily dispelling every particle of dust ; a stork and flamingo following them wherever they went, reminding the spectator of Egypt and the rites of Isis. The procession passed the refectory, a plain, solid building, with a pierced, pure gothic parapet ; through a garden-court, with a fountain and orange-trees ; and a sculptured gateway into an open space before the great church—grand indeed—the portal full fifty feet high,

surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it. The valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and the procession entered the nave, resembling Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows : it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing, mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. The persons partook of these gorgeous tints—the white monastic robes of the conductors seemed as if they were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise, and the whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours. Mass was celebrated : the chant was grave and simple ; and its "sweet and innocent sounds," says Mr. Beckford, "found their way to my heart—they recalled to my memory our own beautiful cathedral service, and—I wept !"

The party next visited the mausoleum, where lie extended on their cold sepulchres the effigies of John the First, and the generous-hearted, noble-minded Philippa ; linked hand-in-hand in death as fondly as they were in life : the tomb standing in the centre of the chapel. Under a row of Gothic arches, fretted, pinnacled, and crocketed, lie sleeping the last sleep, their justly-renowned progeny, the Regent Pedro Duke of Coimbra, and other princes, in whom the high bearing of their intrepid father, and the exemplary virtues and strong sense of their mother, the grand-daughter of our Edward III., were united. Every object in this chapel is pure in taste, and harmonious in colour ; every armorial device, every mottoed lambel, so tersely and correctly sculptured, associate also closely with historical and English associations—the Garter, the leopards, the fleur-de-lis, "from haughty Gallia torn," and the Plantagenet cast of the whole chamber. Next are the royal cloisters, a glorious square of nearly 200 feet, surrounded by arches, filled up with tracery as quaint as any of the ornaments of Roslin chapel, but infinitely more elegant. Thence you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of 70 feet, with a gracefully arched roof, unsupported by console or column, but seemingly suspended by magic. On a raised platform in the centre of this stately hall, covered with rich palls, are placed the tombs of Alfonso V.,

his grandson, a gallant, blooming youth, torn from life, and his newly-married consort, the Infanta of Castile, and its fairest flower, at the early age of seventeen: with him expired the best hopes of Portugal, and of his father, the great John the Second.

The party found their army of attendants, mules, horses, and carriages, waiting for them at the same portal by which they had entered the night before; and after a grand interchange of salutations, they started on their return to Alcobaça; Mr. Beckford mounting his horse, and taking a short cut over some of the wildest be-pined, and be-rosemaryed, and be-lavendered country he had ever met with; whilst its paths were bordered by the gum-cistus in full flaring flower, so strongly scented as almost to command one to go to sleep.

Mr. Beckford was received by the Lord Abbot of Alcobaça with increased jubilation, which he attributes to the skill of his cook whom he had left there; and who, instead of locking up his knowledge, had diffused it throughout the whole kitchen of the monastery. Thus were the holy fathers tickled; and the party sat down to one of the most delicious banquets ever vouchsafed a mortal on this side of Mahomet's paradise. The macedoine was perfection, the ortolans and quails, lumps of celestial fatness, the *sautés* and bechamels beyond praise; and a certain truffle cream was so exquisite that the Lord Abbot piously gave thanks for it. After fruit and confectionery in the adjoining saloon, an herald-like personage appeared, and unrolling a scroll of parchment, displayed a theatrical bill flaming with gold and vermillion, announcing, by permission of the Abbot, the performance of the excruciating tragedy of Donna Inez de Castro, and the cruel murder of that lovely lady and her two royal, innocent infants. The theatre was a coved saloon, and upon the green curtain were emblazoned the insignia of the convent; the orchestra comprised six sharp-toned fiddles, a growling bass, two overgrown mandolines, and a pair of flutes most nauseously tweedled upon by two bleary-eyed young monks. Of the performance Mr. Beckford furnishes an amusing account, from which we can merely note that the stage murder of the infants was horrified by three or four drops of pigeon's blood being squeezed out of some invisible receptacle. After supper, to which the poet, and the lady who performed Inez, were invited, the party retired.

The Eighth Day.

Mr. Beckford began to be tired of such perpetual gormandizing—the fumes of banquet and incense—the repetition of pompous rites—the splendour of illuminated altars and saints and madonnas, in fusty saloons, and still fustier canopies. His soul longed for

an opener expanse—the canopy of the heavens. Accordingly, he mounted his glossy Arabian, and off he galloped on a second visit to Batalha; near the convent he espied a long line of ghost-like fathers, each with a fishing-rod projecting from his piebald drapery, angling on with pale and patient countenances. The booming conventual bells soon dispersed the holy rank and file. The Prior and our tourist recognised each other; they moved on to the monastery, and there Mr. Beckford again heard the chanting monks, and saw the boys in white tunics, with their flamingo; but the stork lay dead on the chapter-house steps, and one of the boys was lamenting the loss of the poor bird in words of touching simplicity, followed by a flood of bitter tears; then falling on his knees and kissing the pavement and his dead stork at the same time.

The principal object of Mr. Beckford's second visit was to re-inspect the mausoleum of Don Emanuel; but he found it unworthy of the journey, and so returned to Alcobaça.

The Ninth Day.

The party left Alcobaça, and on their road were invited to screen themselves from the meridian heat in a quinta belonging to a lady, who had there congregated half the birds in the country. First in this asylum were a space with marble troughs brimful of the clearest water, heaps of oats and barley, and panniers of bread and oranges. Then, as far as the eye could stretch, extended a close bower of evergreens, myrtle, bay, ilex, and box, clipped into arches, opening to plats of flowers; in the midst of which was a fountain within a richly-gilded cage, containing birds of every size, song, and plumage. In one inclosure was an immense circular basin of variegated marble, surrounded by a gilt metal balustrade, on which were perched arraras and cockatoos. The introduction of the party to the lady and her suite then took place; but our tourist was glad to get clear of the walls of these bird-ridden dominions. His route lay across a highly-cultivated plain, where every rood of land was employed to advantage, the Lombard system of irrigation being perfectly understood and practised. Every cottage had its well-fenced gardens with gourds and melons, its abundant waterspout, its vine, its fig-tree, and its espalier of pomegranate: and the peasantry, when asked who had taught them to till their land so neatly, replied, "Our indulgent masters and kind friends, the monks of the royal monastery." The party next alighted at the farm-mansion of the lady of Nazare, on the brow of a craggy eminence shelving down to the Atlantic. It is the capital of the conventual domains in these quarters, and resembles an oriental caravanserai. In its largest and coolest apartment, the party

were regaled with a magnificent banquet of fish, it being a fast-day. The repast dispatched, they left, and reached the Caldas—its dull, monotonous houses, with their coarse green window blinds and shutters flapping to and fro in the dusty breeze; and its heavy verandas, daubed over with yellow ochre, and striped in places with blue and red, in patterns not unworthy of Timbuctoo or Ashantee.

The Tenth Day.

The tourists left the Caldas; their road lying between lofty slopes partially covered with bushes of rosemary and lavender in full bloom. As they approached Cadafaiz, they heard the country people, men, women, and children, singing hymns to St. Anthony as they returned home from reaping. The whole country was blazing with fires in honour of the next day's festival, and above 100 were counted shining bright amongst the olive-trees. At length the party reached Cadafaiz, that most comfortable of rustic manorial mansions.

The Eleventh Day.

They made an excursion to a Franciscan convent, where Mr. Beckford fancied himself in Palestine: a plain, perfectly flat and arid presented itself, diversified alone by the low columned arcades and belfries of the convent, resembling in form and tint the views of the semi-Gothic chapels and cells at Jerusalem and Nazareth. Scattered over the level were droves of asses, a few splendidly caparisoned mules, and peasants seated in groups, who joined together, when the bells of the convent tolled, and moved in one vast multitude, 6 or 7,000 at least, to the space before the church. It was the festival of St. Anthony, and the rites were very impressive. At the door of the convent, the party were met by two couriers, with a mandate and invitation to the palace of Queluz. On their return to Cadafaiz, after a repast of delicate dishes and iced sherbets, a comfortable nap, a stroll in the long-bowered alleys of the quinta, the evening perfume of orange-flowers and jasmine, the song of birds, guitar music, and a morisco dance of true oriental fervour,—the party retired to their chambers.

The Twelfth Day.

The Priors set forth for Queluz by themselves, and Mr. Beckford mounted his Arabian. The country was a sad dreary expanse, with now and then a straggling flock, a neglected quinta of orange trees, with its decaying garden-house, or a half-ruined windmill. On arriving at Queluz, Mr. Beckford found that the Priors were closeted with the Prince Regent, and he took refuge in the apartments allotted to the lord in waiting: where he found weather-beaten equerries, superannuated chamberlains, and wizened pages yawning over dusty card-tables. Mr. Beckford had

audiences of the Prince Regent and the Infanta; the court was a sorry scene and was thronged with state duns. At length, our tourist, tired of close conferences in close apartments, longed for the refreshing sea-breezes of his quinta on the banks of the Tagus; and, his carriages having arrived from Cadafaiz, Mr. Beckford and his suite gladly left for his beloved home.

[Such is a brief and hasty outline of the Twelve Days of this charming Excursion, with glances at its principal incidents, and abridgments of its happy scenes. It is long since we have read so felicitously written a volume as that before us: extending little more than 200 pages, its pleasures delight the reader without fatigue. The style is graceful, and redolent of refined taste; and every page has some fascinating incident to enchain the attention.

BRITTON AND BRAYLEY'S HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

[HALF of this work is now before the public, Part 6 conducting the reader to the building of St. Stephen's Chapel, temp. Edw. III., 1333, 1337. The previous Part contains some interesting details of the repairs of the Palace at Westminster by Edward II., and of that monarch's coronation. In the documents quoted, frequent mention is made of "Ryegate stone," which, as many readers may know, was dug near the town of that name, twenty-one miles on the Brighton road. Little of this material is now obtained there; though, a few years since, we remember to have seen it employed in cottages in the neighbourhood: it is a poor freestone, with little compactness to fit it for building purposes. Following the above details are some curious instances of infringement on the privileges of the Palace, with the awards made in each case.]

Breaches of Privileges.

In the King's second year, Alice, the daughter of Nicholas le Ken, was summoned to answer the complaint of Walter de Bedewynde, the Remembrancer of the Exchequer, who had accused her of reviling him, by calling him "a thief, seducer, and other opprobrious names," in the great hall at Westminster, and elsewhere within the King's Palace there, and which she denied. A jury of the court, and of persons dwelling near the palace, was consequently impanelled; and having found that the insult was given "upon the King's Bridge of his palace at Westminster," they awarded damages to the amount of forty pounds.

In the sixth of Edward II., a court of the palace for pleas of the Crown—"Placita aula domini Regis de Corona"—was held at Westminster, before Hugh de Audley

steward and marshal of the king's household, when John de Redinges was arraigned for counterfeiting the king's privy seal; but he alleged that he had purchased it of Edmund de Malo Lacu, the former steward, (who was also before the court,) for forty talents of gold, and judgment was in consequence given against the latter.*

On the eve of Ascension day, in the 8th of Edward II. (anno 1315), Thomas de Gerdestan, Archdeacon of Norfolk, and one of his officers, were impleaded before the king and his council, then sitting in parliament at Westminster, for that they, on the eighth of March preceding,—the king being then in his palace and holding his parliament,—did cite Joan de Barr, Countess of Warenne, she being then in attendance on the queen consort in the chapel of the said palace, to appear in the church of St. Nicholas of Braheden, to make answer to Maud de Nerford, in a cause of divorce between her and John Earl of Warenne. The fact having been proved, the archdeacon and his officer were committed to the Tower.†

In the same year, on the 14th of May, a writ was addressed to William de Leyre and Richard Abbot, stating that the pavement between Temple Bar and the gate of the king's palace at Westminster, was so broken and injured, that it was a great nuisance to those frequenting the court, and very perilous both for horsemen and foot passengers; and that a petition had been preferred to the king and council, praying them to provide a remedy for the same. The said William and Richard were, consequently, commanded to cause the said pavement to be repaired, and to distraint for the expense "pro rata," upon all persons having houses adjacent to it, between the said Bar and the Palace.

Famine in 1314.

A direful famine, bringing disease and pestilence in its train, swelled the calamities of the nation to the utmost degree of horror. The most loathsome reptiles were used for food, man preyed upon man, and instances are recorded of parents assuaging their hunger on the dead bodies of their own children! In the hope of arresting the scourge, a maximum on the price of provisions was fixed by the parliament, which met at Westminster on the 20th of January, 1314-15;‡ but this

* Vide "Additional Manuscripts" in the British Museum, Ayscough's Catalogue, No. 4,486, fo. 52.

† Vide Ryley's "Placita Parliamentaria," p. 543; and "Cal. Rot. Patentium," p. 75, 6: edit. 1802.

‡ From various writs "de Expensis" (tested at Westminster, which are still extant,) it appears that the "knights of the shire" in this parliament were each allowed four shillings *per diem*, together with their respective charges in coming and returning. The prices fixed on the various articles of provision were as follow:—For the best ox not fed with grain, 16s. and no more; but if fed on corn and made fat, 24s.: the best live fat cow, 12s.: a fat hog, of two

restriction only increased the scarcity, and the statute was repealed in another parliament that assembled at Lincoln at the beginning of the following year. The price of every article of subsistence rose enormously; and the king, at the suggestion of the citizens of London, suspended the breweries, as a measure "without which, not only the indigent but the middle classes must inevitably have perished through want of food." At times it became difficult to procure bread even for the royal household.

[From the coronation rolls of Edward III. are some curious items, by which it appears that the cloths and tapestry for the occasion cost 1,056*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, and the king's coronation gloves, 3*s.* In the accounts of the works at St. Stephen's, of this date, "Reygate stone" occurs more frequently than any other material.

The plates in the present Parts are equal to their predecessors. Among them, we may particularize St. Stephen's (east), decreed, we fear, to be taken down; a fine buttress on the east side of Westminster Hall; and the Star-chamber, a beautifully drawn interior: there are likewise three plates of ground and sectional plans.

Upon the wrapper of Part 6 are three pages of sensible observations, by the Editors, upon the projected New Houses of Parliament; in which the ill-informed 26th resolution of the "Rebuilding Committee," is deservedly objected to. It prescribes the style of the buildings to be either *Gothic* or *Elizabethan*. "Now the word *Gothic*," observe the authors, "has no fixed nor determinate meaning: it has been, and is frequently applied by the authors of popular works on architecture to the Norman, or semi-circular arched—to the first pointed or lancet—and to all the other varieties of the ecclesiastical buildings of the middle ages; and, therefore, it ought not to be employed on such an occasion as the present. It is calculated to mislead and confound both the student and the veteran architect. Nor is the word *style* strictly proper. That the '*Elizabethan style*' should be prescribed for Houses of Parliament can only be accounted for, by supposing that the writers of this report referred to the Domestic Architecture of the Tudor age. Surely, it would not be advisable to recommend an imitation of that part of Windsor Castle built by Queen Elizabeth, or of Holland House, Kensington, or of Hatfield House in Hertfordshire, or, indeed, any other existing work of the Elizabethan age. Every transition, or intermediate link between two classes or fashions

years old, 3*s.* 4*d.*: a fat sheep, unshorn, 20*d.*: "but if shorn, 14*d.*: a fat goose, 3*d.*: three pigeons, 1*d.*: twenty eggs, 1*d.* Those persons who refused to sell these things at the above prices, were to forfeit them to the king.—Vide "*Fœdera*," vol. ii, p. 203: edit. 1818.

of architecture is commonly defective; and it may be safely affirmed that the mongrel buildings of 'the maiden queen's' reign are among the blemishes rather than the beauties of art." Although the authors disapprove of the phraseology of the resolution, they acknowledge that in sentiment and principle it is right. They are pleased to know that the Committee recommend a design for the New Houses of Parliament to harmonize and to assimilate with the old buildings at Westminster, *i. e.* the Abbey Church and its splendid Tudor Chapel, the vast Hall, &c.]

COLERIDGE'S TABLE-TALK.

(Continued from page 30.)

LORD ELDON's doctrine, that grammar schools, in the sense of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, must necessarily mean schools for teaching Latin and Greek, is, I think, founded on an insufficient knowledge of the history and literature of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson uses the term "grammar" without any reference to the learned languages.

There is a great difference between bitters and tonics. Where weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargizing the irritability. But where weakness proceeds from the opposite cause of relaxation, there tonics are good; because they brace up and tighten the loosened string. Bracing is a correct metaphor. Bark goes near to be a combination of a bitter and a tonic; but no perfect medical combination of the two properties is yet known.

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.*

* I find written on a blank leaf of my copy of this edition of the P.'s P. the following note by Mr. C.:—"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

John Thelwall had something very good about him.† We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!"—"Nay! Citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds."—"Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that dumb bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

The object of rhetoric is persuasion,—of logic, conviction,—of grammar, significance. A fourth term is wanting, the rhematic, or logic of sentences.

The five finest things in Scotland are—1. Edinburgh; 2. The antechamber of the Fall of Foyers; 3. The view of Loch Lomond from Inch Tavannach, the highest of the islands; 4. The Trossachs; 5. The view of the Hebrides from a point, the name of which I forget. But the intervals between the fine things in Scotland are very dreary;—whereas in Cumberland and Westmorland there is a cabinet of beauties,—each thing being beautiful in itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley, to another, is itself a beautiful thing again. The Scotch lakes are so like one another, from their great size, that in a picture you are obliged to read their names; but the English lakes, especially Derwent Water, or rather the whole vale of Keswick, is so memorable, that, after having been once seen, no one ever requires to be told what it is when drawn. This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance, we have two lakes with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place.

best *summa theologica evangelica* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." June 14, 1830.—Ed.

† We feel it a pleasurable duty to subscribe our humble testimony to this remark of Coleridge.—Ed. MIRROR.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE APPROACHING COMET.

[In the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, (just published,) are noticed three recent German works, furnishing some important particulars respecting the Comet which is to make its appearance towards the end of the present year. The Reviewer has with considerable pains compressed these particulars into as small a compass as possible, nearly as follows. After explaining the origin of this being called Halley's Comet, he proceeds:—]

Two French mathematicians, Pontécoulant and Damoiseau, have distinguished themselves by their calculations of the next appearance of Halley's comet. Pontécoulant has gone through this labour several times, and fixes the 31st of October, 1835, for the day of its nearest transit through the point of the perihelion (*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*, tom. ii. 147), but afterwards (p. 500 of the same volume of his work) the 2nd of November, and finally, in the "Connaissance des Temps" for 1833, (p. 112), the 7th of November. Damoiseau, on the other hand, in the "Connaissance des Temps" for 1832, (p. 33,) fixes the 4th of November as the day. The differences are small: they arise chiefly from the difficulty of taking into the strictest account the earth's power of attraction on the comet approaching it within twenty-four millions of miles; on which subject, Pontécoulant, in the passage already quoted, remarks "*que cette détermination est fort délicate et que l'on doit s'attendre à plusieurs jours d'incertitude.*" We have thought it right to insist with such emphasis on this circumstance that, in case the comet should not appear punctually at the specified time, our readers may of themselves be able to account for the deviation, and not conceive a distrust of the most sublime of sciences, Astronomy.

In August, 1835, the comet will advance towards us from about 230 to 130 millions of miles, and during the latter half of that month it will rise about midnight in the north-east, and be visible till the dawn of morning in the eastern quarter of the heavens.

In September it will proceed with augmented velocity towards the well-known constellation, the Great Bear. Its apparent magnitude will increase considerably, in proportion as it approaches nearer to us; and towards the end of the month, it will be but about 28 millions of miles distant from us. It will rise earlier every evening and more northwardly; and, towards the end of the month, it will be so near to the north pole that it will cease to set, and of course be visible the whole night in the vicinity of the Great Bear.

During the first days of October, the comet

will approach nearest to us in its present revolution; it will then be no more than 23 million miles distant from us. If the weather should be favourable, its appearance will then be the most brilliant: it will still be in the northern heavens, but at no great height above the horizon, and of course it will not set. It will then recede rapidly to the south, and towards the conclusion of the month, it will be visible only in the south-west, where it will set earlier every succeeding evening.

In the month of November, at the beginning of which the comet, as we have already mentioned, approaches nearest to the sun, it will cease to be visible, being concealed from our view by the sun's rays.

In the last days of December, however, about six in the morning, it will again be discernible in the eastern horizon. Its distance from us then will be nearly 190 millions of miles.

In January, 1836, it will again approach us and be visible, after three in the morning, in the southern sky. It will rise earlier and earlier, and, in February, soon after midnight. In March it will again be visible all night in the southern heavens; it will then rapidly recede from us, and in April we shall lose sight of it entirely.

Its nearest approach to the earth, therefore, as it takes place in October, will precede the transit through the point of the perihelion, which, as we have seen, will not occur till the beginning of November—a circumstance that is to be regretted, because it is not till after the latter that comets assume their most brilliant appearance, and that phenomenon therefore will not be coincident with its greatest proximity to us. Had these two circumstances occurred together—that is to say, had the comet *after* acquiring its greatest brilliancy approached us within 23 millions of miles, as it will do in October, we should probably have enjoyed a more magnificent spectacle than will now be presented. In December, on the other hand, when the comet, after acquiring its greatest brilliancy, will again become visible, it will unluckily be 190 millions of miles distant from us, as we have already observed.

Dr. Fischer, (the author of the third work,) next presents us with the substance of all the recorded observations of this comet since the year 1005, and a statement of the weather which attended each of its appearances—an interesting analysis, the results of which we shall subjoin as briefly as possible. In 1005, the appearance of this comet was attended by a great famine; in 1080, by an earthquake; in 1155, by a cold winter and failure of crops; in 1230, by rains and inundations (part of Friesland was overwhelmed, with 100,000 inhabitants); in 1304 by great drought, and intense cold in the following winter, succeeded by a pestilence; in 1380,

by a still more destructive contagion; in 1456 by wet weather, inundations, and earthquakes; again, in 1531, by great floods; in 1607, by extreme drought, followed by a most severe winter; in 1682, by floods and earthquakes; in 1759, by some wet, and slight earthquakes. Hence it appears that this comet has brought with it sometimes heat and drought, at others wet and cold, but the latter oftener than the former: if, however, these meteorological phenomena were not wholly independent of its appearance.

The author concludes with some particulars respecting its next appearance, which differ, more especially in regard to distances, from those given in the preceding part of this article. His report of its course and motions is as follows:—

"Towards the end of August, 1835, the comet will make its first appearance in the eastern quarter of the heavens, in the sign Taurus. Its light will then be very faint, partly on account of the length of the days, and partly on account of its distance at this time from the earth, amounting to 190 millions of miles.

"As the motion of the comet will be at first directed towards the earth, its position in the heavens will not be much changed till the middle of September, though its light will rapidly increase in intensity. On the 13th of September its distance from the earth will be 95 millions of miles; from this time its magnificent tail will increase in magnitude and brilliancy; the comet will rise gradually earlier; and its motion will appear to be more and more rapid. In the latter half of September it will enter the sign Gemini.

"On the 1st of October the comet will be only 27 million miles distant from the earth, and it will then enter the fore-foot of the Great Bear, in which it will cease to set, so that about this time it will have attained its highest degree of brilliancy and its greatest apparent magnitude. On the 6th of October its distance from the earth will be only about 16½ millions of miles, being the nearest point to which it approaches. Its magnificent tail will now extend from the hair of Berenice to the principal stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. The head of the comet will set about nine in the evening; whilst the inner visible tail will be visible the whole night in the northern heavens, till the head re-appears in the morning red. From this period it will continue to approach perceptibly nearer to the sun, setting earlier in the evening, and at the same time receding from the earth.

"On the 17th of November the comet will be in its perihelion, consequently it will be no longer visible to us, either during the rest of that month or in December.

"In the beginning of January, 1836, it will issue from the sun's rays, again become visible, and be 190 millions of miles distant

from the earth, as it was at the end of August. Meanwhile it will approach the earth a second time, and remain visible to us during the month of February.

"On the 1st of March it will be about 120 millions of miles distant, and will be visible to us in the morning in the constellations of Corvus and Crater. Thence it will continue to recede more and more from the earth and the sun, attain its greatest distance from the latter in 1873, and again arrive at its perihelion in 1912."

The Gatherer.

We regret to learn that the young Orang-Outang at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, died on Tuesday morning, the 21st.

It is the custom in Syria to allow sick women to be present at weddings; from a popular superstition that the marriage benediction is a certain remedy for all their disorders. W. G. C.

Epitaphs.—Upon one Brawne, an Irishman, but a Cornish beggar:—

Here Brawne, the quondam beggar lies,
Who counted by his tale,
Some six score winters and above:
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, his drinke, his cloth,
Ale did his death reprieve;
And could he still have drunk his ale,
He had been still alive.

Petrarch had no better than the following epitaph on his tombstone, at Arqua, in Italy:—

This stone doth cover the cold bones of Franc
Petrarch:
Thou Virgin Mother take his soul; thou Christ
pardon grant;
Now weary of the Earth, he rests in heaven's Arke.
G. K.

A Supper of the old school affords the prettiest opportunities for flirtation, it being always understood that the sexes are to be intermingled as at a dinner party, and that it is a gross breach of the *convenances* for any lady—old or young—by word or look—to ask a gentleman for his place, when it is obvious that by surrendering it he will sacrifice the happiness of his *voisine*.—*Quarterly Review*.

•• The clever digest of "European Pauperism," at page 30, was drawn up by the Editor of the *Globe*, in which journal it first appeared.

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